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MEMORIALS

OF

A HARROW SCHOOLBOY

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MEMORIALS

OF

A HARROW SCHOOLBOY.

BY THE LATE

C. L. H.

The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.—JOB xvii. 9.

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INTRODUCTION.

In Dr. Vaughan's *Memorials of Harrow Sundays*, being a selection of Sermons preached by him in the Chapel of Harrow School, is one which has for its title *Lessons of Whitsunday*. It was preached on Whitsunday (May 23) 1858, and it closes with the following words:—

"This, my brethren, is a week of Ordinations. We have remembered in our prayers to-day those who on Sunday next are to receive their commissions, in this and foreign lands, as the ministers of Jesus Christ. One of these, as we should have described him a few days ago, one (but a few years ago) of yourselves, who in early life had destined himself with many prayers and earnest resolutions, while yet in this place, as a mission-

ary to India, this day is not; at an early hour this morning, and after a very few days' illness, he rested from his earthly work; and, instead of being made on Sunday next a priest of Christ's Church on earth, was advanced, after one year's deaconship, to His service in heaven. These things ought not to pass without notice, when they are brought before us in the providence of God. Oh, that there were more like him! More, who take a serious view of the duties of this place! More, who view earthly life soberly, see its solemn import, choose their calling in it aright, contemplate it as a whole, and look to the end of it, devote themselves early to their Master's work, and whether His summons come late or early, are found of Him in peace and watching! Such, if such there be, will count it, not as an evil, but as an added blessing, if He who shall come comes early and tarries not, rids them betimes of an earthly toil and an earthly burden, and admits them soon, before half a lifetime be spent, with His own approval and blessing, into the inheritance of the saints in light."

The sometime Harrow boy, referred to in the foregoing extract, is the subject of the

brief memoir now given to the public. His elder sister committed to writing these simple recollections of her brother, whose feet she was allowed to quicken in the heavenward race, for her own consolation under his removal, out of the affection that guarded a grave, and in the longing desire that younger relatives might, by their perusal, be won to a personal application to the Saviour of their departed one for like pardon and like holiness. She did so without a thought of their being read by any eye outside of her own family circle. Her place in that circle is now vacant. The brother and sister, with the parents, to whose holy training and ceaseless prayers each owed so much, together now *inherit the promises.*

But it seemed to the Editor, as in his own grief he lately took the MS. from the desk in which it had rested unopened for several years, that he would be justified in seeking for its contents a wider circulation. In these days of early self-indulgence, the maxim so dear in its mere moral bearing to our fore-

fathers, and, at the same time, so full of deep spiritual truth—"in the morning mountains, in the evening fountains"—seems from too many of the young, and, alas! too many of their parents also, to be fast passing out of sight. At such a period a truthful sketch, however slight, of one who even as a schoolboy was made willing and therefore able *to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ*, may by God's blessing be to the profit of some.

May the Holy Spirit, the Giver of life, teach each reader that he *may* now be saved from sin, as well as from guilt and from wrath, by faith in the blood of Christ (Rom. iii. 25; v. 9; Matt. i. 21). *Jesus Christ gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify us unto Himself* (Tit. ii. 14). If by faith in His life of obedience in our place, and His death of atonement for our sins, we have been *washed from our sins in His blood*, then by trust in the power of His grace freely given to all those who will but resort to it, we *may* be so *strengthened with*

all might (Col. i. 11) as to *overcome*, as to become *more than conquerors* over sin and the world and temptation and self. We *may*, if we will, *follow fully*. We *may*, if we will, be *complete in Christ*. We *may*, if we will, say, *Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ* (2 Cor. ii. 14). We *may*, if we will, say with the apostle, *I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me* (Phil. iv. 13). There is no path to holiness, save through Christ; and He is *made* sanctification to those who believe in Him for grace as well as pardon (1 Cor. i. 30).

This conquest over sin and difficulties will not be at a bound. It is *by faith and patience*. The conflict is life-long. There may and will be, through our unbelief and for our humbling, many defeats; there may be, and there ought to be, a series of victories, and those day by day and ever progressive. The power of the Holy Spirit working in us, and the might of Christ's risen life put forth in and as our soul's life, really supply *the exceed-*

ing greatness of God's power to us-ward who believe. Such was the experience of the subject of the accompanying memoir. At times, and not unfrequently, he cried, *Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death* of inbred corruption? Far oftener he was enabled to exclaim, *But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.* And now he rests from conflict for evermore,

> Safe from a world of grief and sin,
> With God eternally shut in.

E. P. H.

Feb. 1873.

TO

CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN, D.D.,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE

OF MANY KINDNESSES,

CONTINUED THROUGH MANY YEARS,

These Pages

ARE DEDICATED BY

E. P. H.

MEMORIALS.

CHAPTER I.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things.—REV. xxi. 7.

THIS was the text chosen for the epitaph on dear W——'s grave. His private diary, which had not been seen by those who selected it, confirms their estimate of his character. The greater part of his short life was a continued overcoming. The daily entries in his journals record the details of long and severe conflict; while they manifest the grace and faithfulness of the Saviour, who gave His servant strength for the day of battle, and made him continually *more than conqueror*. May the following simple

memorial of W——'s spiritual warfare and victories urge us, who loved him, to *fight the good fight of faith,* and *lay hold on eternal life,* as he did.

He was by natural temperament most affectionate, and of a contented and happy disposition. His unusually buoyant spirits led him, as a child, to show at times an independence of control; and his temper was hasty and irritable. These faults, combined with what seemed a marked indisposition to religious teaching, caused great anxiety to his parents. But in the end it was seen that their holy training, and the prayers offered up for him, were *not in vain in the Lord.* Although the seed was hid and laid dormant for some few years, yet it could not be lost; and eventually it sprang up, and *brought forth fruit abundantly,* before the sickle was put in.

That, even in early childhood, the Spirit of God graciously strove with dear W——, is shown by the following incident. When about five years old, in one of his passionate

fits, he was seen by his governess to get down from his seat and creep under the table. When she looked after him, he was on his knees praying, as he said, "that Satan might leave him."

The courage and manliness which we so admired in him were displayed at an early period. He was only nine years of age when he was placed in a public school, going as a day-boy to the Charter-house. On his first day there he was fearfully bullied and knocked about; yet he had too much spirit to speak of it, and even took a long walk in order to recover himself, before he appeared amongst us again.

Ere he completed his tenth year, our dear father was taken from us. I well remember, a few weeks before his last illness, that beloved parent speaking to me of the possibility of his own early removal by death. Among other things he said, "The one I am most anxious about is poor dear thoughtless Willie. I fear none of you draw to him and love him as you should. What will become

of him?" How wonderful it seems that the one, who then was the object of his chief anxiety, should be the first to follow him,—quickly ripened for glory, and early taken home to be safe from sin and temptation, and that for ever.

During our father's last illness dear W—— was much on his heart. Once I overheard him praying for his children severally by name. He thus pleaded for W——, while able faithfully to cast his care concerning him on his God:—"Oh that he had some serious impressions, that he was not so trifling, so giddy, so thoughtless. O Lord, I feel very unhappy about him; but Thou canst do all, with Thee all things are possible."

Our father entered into his rest in March 1845; and shortly afterwards we moved to Harrow. W—— was then ten years old. He was a Harrow schoolboy for nine years; and dearly did he love the place, and Dr. Vaughan. During the whole of his school-life, his patience and courage were con-

spicuous. His habit was to keep his little trials and troubles to himself, and to bear up cheerfully, even under frequent bodily suffering, much longer than most would have done. His spirits were always greater than his strength; and many a time he would be at football, or joining in some other of the athletic exercises of the school, when another boy would have been complaining on the sofa. Very touching, even before the Holy Spirit took full possession of his heart, was his peculiar tenderness to our dear mother when she was ill, or in pain. She often suffered acutely from headaches, and at such times he would spend hours in bathing her head and nursing her with all a woman's gentleness. So, when he was older, and had to go daily to London, he would bring of his own accord a milk-loaf from one well-known tradesman's, or biscuits, rusks, or grapes, from another, thinking to surprise and please her when she was unwell. These unselfish, winning acts specially endeared him to our surviving parent; while to all of us—such

was the joyous gladsomeness about him—his presence used to bring an irresistible cheerfulness. His bright and happy temperament naturally rendered his society acceptable to others, and he made many friends. In their company his high spirits often led him astray. His diary, commenced at a later period, shows how bitterly he mourned over, and how earnestly he strove against, this besetting sin. He was in his sixteenth year when the work of grace in his heart began to manifest itself; but it was only just before his confirmation and his sixteenth birthday, that he first opened to me the state of his mind. He asked me to take a long walk with him, as he had something which he particularly wished to tell me. Never shall I forget that sunny spring day, and the joyful tidings he communicated. First, he spoke of his approaching confirmation, and then of the change which he felt had come over him. He referred to past days, and all his sins and infirmities, and then told me of his desire to lead a new life. He mentioned

that he had written to his friends, and given them to understand that he could not talk or act as he had hitherto done,—that, if they liked still to accept his friendship, their intercourse together must thenceforth be of a different character. On my asking him what had brought about this change, he said, "Many things." Those that he specially mentioned were, the thought of his coming confirmation,—Dr. Vaughan's sermons,—the use of a commentary, which his eldest brother had lent him,—and the truths remembered from our Bible readings together before my marriage, when (he said) he had been wicked enough to dislike the hour so spent,—the thought of which was now to him like the piercing of a sword. He begged that we might once or twice a-week again read the Bible together. He proposed to come to me in the evening, being his most leisure time; and accordingly through the ensuing summer we spent many a happy half hour together at the end of our garden, under the green hedge there, in reading and

conversing together on the truths of God's Word. Exquisite was my happiness, to see him thus earnestly seeking the Saviour early, while the heart was fresh and warm and tender! During the last three years of his school life his light shone brightly; and many were the conscientious scruples, holy resolves, and self-denying acts which could not be hid, and which evidenced the blessed change. His love for Dr. Vaughan was very great; and the terms in which he used to speak of his sermons showed how he was fed by them from time to time. He once told me, at this period of his life, that if he felt cold and listless when Dr. Vaughan began his sermon, he could not long remain so; that the preaching seemed to arrest and rouse him, till he felt quite warmed and earnest again. On one Ascension-day, when all the school came to service at the parish church, the Lord's Supper was administered after the sermon, and it so happened that he was the only Harrow boy who remained. Such an act required no small amount of

courage and decision. I remember feeling, as I saw him walk up the whole length of the church, what an honour it was to be his sister.

Works of love would now and then come to light, of which he had never spoken—his left hand not knowing what his right hand was doing. Thus, one summer evening, shortly after he had parted from me on the road, I met a poor ragged boy who asked for relief. On getting into conversation with him, he told me that the young gentleman who had just left me was very kind to him, and had given him a Testament, and came often in the evening, after the work was over in the hay-field, to teach him to read. During the hay-making time, when there were so many Irish and other labourers about, he expressed his wish to do something for them. It was a very wet season, and the poor creatures were suffering sadly from want of work and of shelter. He said that when speaking to them he longed to relieve their distress, but for some time did not see his

way; fearing that the money given would be wasted in the public-house. At last he devised a plan, and sought my aid in carrying it out. His proposal was that he should give orders, for which I was to instruct the baker who served me to give bread. Each summer he persevered in this plan, the bill coming in to me, and he defraying the cost. He remarked that the bread tickets afforded him a good opportunity to refer to the food needed by their souls—even *the bread of life.* Another touching incident of his school-days occurs to me. Speaking one day on the Christian duty of forgiveness, he told me that he had often felt doubts as to the propriety of punishing a boy for insulting him, but that his mind was then made up. At this time he was in the sixth form, and as such was invested with authority, which required him to inflict, within stated limitations, corporal punishment on juniors who offended. He said, "the boys often take advantage of me, because I do not choose to chastise them for impertinence; but as I fear I could not do

so without anger, and as we are commanded to forgive, I feel the safest course is to bear and forbear." "But," he added, "the case is different when they bully a younger brother, C—— or E——, then I can thrash them without temper; and I feel bound to use my authority to put down what is tyrannical and wrong, when I can do it without sin."

In the holidays, and during the term, whenever he had spare time, he would not only teach in our Sunday School, but also during the week take a walk of five miles to a distant hamlet, in order to visit some poor people. This was the more striking from the fact of his being fond of athletic sports, and the school-games. During the last two years of his school life he was in the habit of keeping a Sunday record of his progress in spiritual life. A few passages of special interest and encouragement to others I venture to subjoin:—

Sunday, Feb. 16, 1851.—Another week has passed, fled for ever, and I fear that I have

made no real growth in it! I cannot understand how I can be so ungrateful as not to give up my whole self, soul and body, to the service of Him who has been so inexpressibly merciful to me. Let this thought remain with me during this week, and by the grace of God may it mark in me a greater love for him.

Sunday, March 16, 1851.—I took a solitary walk to day in the fields, (one of my happiest moments in the week), during which I made the resolution, through God's assistance, that I would for the future break off the fatal chain of the love of the world, by which I am so powerfully fettered. For this end I would be more constant in prayer, and more watchful against the first motions of my heart to evil. I also thought that this season of my confirmation was the best time possible for me to renounce my love of the world, and to resolve by God's grace to take up my cross, and follow the blessed steps of His Son, Jesus Christ.

Sunday, March 23, 1851.—On examination

I have traced my present offences to having given way to sloth in early rising, which still continues to be a great source of temptation and sin to me, but which I must continue to struggle against with vigilance and prayer.

Sunday, April 6, 1851.—The last two days of this week have been greatly blessed to me. I have, in one instance particularly, been answered in a request I made that I might be strengthened, when in the company of others, to resist their evil example, and the wicked desire of forgetting and denying Christ; and I have been mercifully led to praise and adore God more that He has not altogether destroyed me, as He might so justly have done, on account of my frequent sins and backslidings.

Tuesday, June 4, 1851.—At last my confirmation day has arrived, for which I have been preparing for some time past, and praying for grace to understand the solemn sacrifice more clearly. I rose this morning with thoughts of God, and spent half-an-hour

most pleasantly in reading and prayer. Between eleven and one I went through the morning service by myself, in which I was greatly blessed. During the confirmation service itself a sudden feeling came across me of the most intense delight, when I called to mind that I was dedicating myself, soul and body, to so good a Master—to one who was all merciful, and all powerful.

Sunday, June 16, 1851.—I have greatly enjoyed the Holy Communion again to-day, and I hope to feel the benefit of it during the ensuing week. I have felt most exceedingly happy—more strengthened in prayer, and have been enabled to take so much more pleasure in prayer, and to pray oftener during the day. I have felt a greater hatred of sin, and desire to be freed from it. But there is an immense deal more to be done in me by the Holy Spirit, through the merits of Jesus Christ.

Sunday, July 13, 1851.—I have felt extremely happy during the past week, and especially to-day; and have been better able

to see God's hand in everything, and to be more grateful to Him for the innumerable blessings, temporal as well as spiritual, with which I am blessed.

Monday, June 14, 1852.—I heard two most excellent sermons yesterday,—one from the Bishop of Lichfield on *faith which worketh by love*; and in the afternoon by Dr. Vaughan, from Ps. xc. 14, *O satisfy us early with Thy mercy.* How numberless are the advantages which I receive daily from God. Oh, may I use them rightly.

Sunday, July 11, 1852.—In the pleasures of the world I have not found anything worth seeking, whilst the glimpses, which I have at times been blessed with, of the satisfaction of his happiness who has made it to rest entirely upon God, have fully determined me that my happiness can only consist in a life wholly devoted to the service of God, and consequently to spreading His blessed gospel abroad,—in a life full of prayer, in which I may feel myself guided by God in all I do. I have been praying to-day that I may never

give up striving for this only true happiness, which will last me for time and for eternity. Nothing short of this can supply its place; a half-and-half state would be utter misery.

Wednesday, July 24, 1852.—I have just been reading one of Henry Fox's letters, written while in England, upon the state of general feeling towards missionary work. I feel I would gladly go out, and should prefer a missionary's life to home service. I should only leave home and its comforts for a little time, and then I should enjoy perfect happiness in an eternal world, where dear Christian friends and relations would meet me again. The motives for choosing the life of a missionary are, first, a realization of the love of Jesus Christ in suffering and dying for me, which at present seems too vast to comprehend; secondly, consequent love to all men's souls; and thence, thirdly, a deep commiseration for the heathen, who know nothing of the eternal felicity prepared for them, of the feast which is ready, and of the room that there still is for every one. I pray that

these motives may influence and rule my heart, before I venture to go out as a missionary.

I have had extraordinary temporal blessings, in my education, and in my health and strength. And in my numerous true Christian friends and relations, and in my spiritual blessings, I see that peculiar opportunities have been given me. Nor is it a light thing that the missionary cause has been thus early brought before my mind, before I could have time to become fettered with home ties. I have also had given me the wish, the earnest wish, to become a missionary. It is not the fault of others that they have not had all these combined blessings. I must not therefore for a moment judge hastily of their unwillingness; much less must I excuse myself on account of their example—*Freely ye have received, freely give.*

Monday, July 26, 1852.—I am looking forward to the quiet and retirement of the holidays as a season of refreshment; but I remember the experience of Henry

Fox, that he found the quarter a more healthy period for his soul than the holidays, on account of the regularity of his school life. I want, therefore, to get into regular habits these holidays, by spending two or three hours in the morning in study, by getting up early, and by putting aside certain times of the day for prayer.

Sunday, Sept. 26, 1852.—My mind seems more and more set upon a missionary life, for which I do indeed thank God; and I pray daily that this may ultimately be my path, if it please Him. Sometimes I doubt my religious feelings, and am tempted to despair; but yet I have certainly a greater hatred of sin, and an increasing desire to be weaned from the world, and to live for eternity, and not for time. Surely God, who hath begun this good work in me, will continue it unto the end fully. O Lord, increase my faith! The morning sermon was a missionary one by Dr. Vaughan, on *Thy will be done.* He dwelt on the blessing of the Lord's Prayer as a model. God's will was

the happiness of His creatures in knowing Him. We have no authority for supposing the heathen will be pardoned on account of their want of knowledge, but we have the command, *Go teach all nations.* If St. Paul had reasoned otherwise, where should we have been?

Sunday, Jan. 30, 1853.—I was led the other day to consider what my duty is to some boys—one in particular—who at present take every opportunity of annoying me. God has sent this affliction for my good. Chiefly, I think, to humble me, and I indeed need it. How can I make this affliction serve God's end best? Would not retaliation make me still more proud,—for I should then gain the esteem of the world? On the other hand, would not forbearance, and the not being provoked, humble me? for then the world would call me mean-spirited. Am I then not to attempt to get rid of this evil at all, but let any one impose on me with impunity? *Overcome evil with good,* and *pray for those who persecute you;* and, as

Leighton says, "Hate sin, as Christ did; but as He did also, pity the sinner."

Sunday, Feb. 27, 1853.—A man that has been starving for several days cannot recover his strength all at once by one meal, even though that be ever so hearty; and thus we cannot expect to be supplied with grace, where we only pray for it by fits and starts. We must be *continuing instant in prayer; i.e.,* must be ever in a praying frame, with the sense of God's continual presence with us, and especially we should have *regular times* for private prayer, just as we have *regular times* for bodily food.

Sunday, March 20, 1853.—How grievously have I given up myself to the excitement of my late school examination, to the neglect of my soul's welfare.

CHAPTER II.

AT COLLEGE.

On his sixteenth birthday I gave him the Memoir of Rev. Henry Fox, the missionary to Masulipatam. This book made a great impression on him, though it was long before he spoke of its effects to any one. At length, when it became time that he should choose a profession, or, at least, come to some decision about his future life, he told us it was the first wish of his heart to become a missionary. When speaking to me one day on this subject, he said with much humility, "The only thing that keeps me back, is that I am so unworthy of such an honour; and I dread lest the good opinion of some should puff me up, and fill me more full of pride

and vanity than I am already." He told me it was the life of Henry Fox which first led him to aspire to be a missionary, that he had prayed and thought much over it, and that the wish continually grew stronger. When I spoke of the self-denial it would require, and of the trying partings from those he loved, he said he could never think of the step as involving loss, it only seemed too bright a course, and too high a privilege, for such as he was.

While pondering and praying over this holy resolve, the offer reached him, through a friend, of a scholarship at King's College, London, specially founded to provide a free education and preparation for the ministry for young men willing to devote themselves to a missionary life in the East.

He thus refers to this offer in his diary:—

Sunday, April 24, 1853.—I have during the last week had my intentions as to a missionary life vividly forced upon my self-examination, by an offer of a Worsley scholarship at King's College. Though I am

glad to find my feelings have not shrunk at so near a view of it, but, on the contrary, have been rather strengthened (at least in earnestness of wish), I was nevertheless afraid of binding myself for life without a longer trial of my *real* motive than I have had as yet, especially as indolence and vanity have so much the upper hand in me at present. I however feel sufficient inclination to justify my accepting the offer upon the present terms, namely, that my final decision is free for two or three years yet. And I trust the time will be more quietly and soberly spent at King's College than in the more independent and pleasurable position involved in college life at Oxford. The one object of my life will be more kept in view naturally, and so become more a subject of prayer. The deception of my own heart is the greatest difficulty I have to deal with,—the discerning between true and false motives. *Lord, undertake for me. Search me, and try me.*

Sunday, Oct. 9, 1853.—At the hour which I have begun to set apart each week for

special prayer for God's guidance in my future course of life, I was much helped by a feeling, that has lately taken strong hold of me, of how destitute all worldly duties and pleasures are of solid satisfaction; but when one views them as being subservient to God's will and purpose, they immediately brighten up, and seem again full of real life.

Sometimes my mind's eye darts from one thing to another of daily life,—my school present, my college future, my after life, death; but all seem equally hollow and void of interest. I think of God's infinite love, and His regard for my happiness, and the scene is filled at once with a halo of unutterable brightness. *In Him we live and move and have our being.* I am a child still needing, and rejoicing to need, my Father's guidance. I may err in my choice of a profession: God cannot. *Lord, here am I; send me.* My all is Thine, and I am never so happy as when using it for Thee. Make me a humble instrument of distributing Thy blessings to the world around me.

After due consideration, dear W—— accepted the scholarship at King's College, and all thoughts of Oxford were put aside.

His integrity and forethought were evinced in the anxiety with which, before closing with the offer, he sought to satisfy himself that its acceptance would involve no actual pledge to go out to India. His feeling at this time was that even when prepared by education, ill health, or a sense of unfitness, or providential hindrances, might yet eventually forbid his adoption of the missionary career. On being assured that his tenure of the scholarship would in no way bind him to leave England, but that if at the end of his college life he should find himself conscientiously incapacitated to go forth as a missionary, he would only be called upon to pay to the college an equivalent for his free education, he gratefully accepted the offer.

For three years he was a student at King's College, attending the classes daily from Harrow. In the lives of many Christians

there have been seasons in which they seemed to *stand still* in the Divine life, and probably did really go back in holiness. Oftentimes, I think, the first entrance into active life—the change from school to college, or from school to the engrossing cares or other temptations incident to a profession, when so many wholesome restraints and aids are suddenly removed, and the world bursts into view with its numberless allurements,—are occasions in which the spiritual state of a young Christian suffers. Thus it was with dear W——. He did not *grow in grace* at this period, as he had previously done. His attendance in the College Chapel on each Sunday morning was required by the authorities; and although his Sabbath afternoons were generally spent in reading to the sick in King's College Hospital, or in visiting some poor people, and in the evening he not unfrequently attended the preaching of the Rev. W. W. Champneys in Whitechapel Church, yet he missed the quiet of a Sunday at home. He afterwards confessed to me that the Sunday railway jour-

neys dissipated serious thoughts, and were otherwise a snare to his conscience.

Failing to draw from the Sabbath its full measure of spiritual sustenance, it is not surprising that his spirit at times contracted, in daily intercourse with members of a large and mixed community, a lower tone, and one more akin to worldly conformity, than had been its wont. But thanks to the God of all grace, who still kept his feet in the narrow path of life, in spite of falls and backslidings.

The close of his college life found him humbled to the dust, specially on account of one false step, involving grave consequences, into which unguarded moments had imperceptibly drawn him. Very keen was the anguish of his spirit, and very genuine and deep his penitence. A loving Father called upon him to *endure chastening*, and, by His correction, showed him how evil and bitter a thing was even a temporary forsaking of the Fountain of living waters.

Painful as was the process, dear W——

regained under it peace of mind, and a sense of pardon through his Saviour's blood.

During the summer and autumn of 1856, he was suffering from much bodily pain and weakness, as also from spiritual depression. He went for a few weeks to North Wales with his godmother, whom he loved almost as a mother, and who was of the greatest help and comfort to his soul. Though suffering much, he still struggled on to prepare for his final college examination.

On obtaining surgical advice in October, it was found necessary that he should undergo a painful operation, and for some time relinquish all study, and take rest. As it was imperative that he should be near his medical adviser, an aunt in London kindly received him, and nursed him most tenderly. Our dear mother and myself were much with him at this period. He was in a most humble, tender, and holy state of mind through the winter. Though very weak, he managed to pass his last examination at King's College in the spring, and thereby became qualified

to offer himself as a candidate for holy orders. His illness had so much reduced him, that when I looked at his pale and hollow cheeks, I was anxious that he should postpone his ordination. But his own feeling was that he should be better when it was off his mind. His cheerful and trustful temper made the best of everything. He often suffered from faintness and giddiness,—not unfrequent after-effects of such an operation as he had undergone,—but he used to say that it was only from his living in London, and that as soon as he could breathe country air again, he would be all right. Of course, his state of health forbade his thinking of going out as a missionary at this time, and he began to make inquiries for a curacy, the work of which would be comparatively light.

CHAPTER III.

ONE YEAR IN THE MINISTRY.

THE Head of the Church had work for His servant to do in His vineyard, and opened a door for him. An uncle in Shropshire offered him his curacy and title for orders. This offer made his path clear. The parish was small and retired, so that his strength was not likely to be overtaxed; and we well knew that he would be treated with every consideration and much kind care by an affectionate relative. He gladly accepted the post, and offered himself for deacon's orders at the Bishop of Lichfield's ordination, in June 1857. He was placed second in the examination,—a fact which we learned accidentally from others, and not from him. The

change seemed to revive him. He regained much of his former health, and commenced his ministerial work with considerable energy and vigour. Late in August of 1857, we visited him on our way to North Wales, and spent a Sunday with him. I was much struck with the change apparent in him since his ordination. There was no longer the boyish, high-spirited manner, but a chastened and subdued sobriety; and yet he was most cheerful and happy. Great was my comfort, and great the occasion for thankfulness, to see him so devoted to Christ's work. We happened, on arriving, to find him practising the school children in singing for the next day's services, and very noticeable was his kind and winning way with them. He took us to see one or two farmers, who were among his principal parishioners; and their welcome showed how soon he had won his way to their confidence. The following day we, for the first time, heard him preach. I remember how much I was struck with his earnest, almost eager, manner in the pulpit. On the

Sunday evening we had a nice time for prayer and reading. E—— prayed long and earnestly for him in his new calling; and dear W—— was so overcome, that it was long before he could recover himself even to speak. The depth and intensity of his feelings made the time a very solemn one. He accompanied us to Bangor for a few days; then his want of bodily strength became apparent in his inability to walk for any length of time. What he most enjoyed was to take a book to some sweet spot, and there to lie and admire. I cannot but think that he was really unequal to ministerial work during this last year of his life, his spirits and earnestness keeping him up much beyond his strength. At Christmas, when he visited home, all noticed at times great prostration of strength. At the consecration, in February 1858, of the new church on J——'s property, we met again for a few days. Once or twice he made me anxious by complaining of faintness and giddiness, and more than once he begged permission to rest for a few minutes before

he answered a question. Still he would always say that he was quite well, and so very happy among his beloved poor people. He travelled with me part of my way home. We had the carriage to ourselves, and he spoke of his future plans, and, among other matters, of making his will. How little did I then think that in three short months he would be called home! Our last meeting, previous to his closing illness, was in March of that year. His visit was quite an unexpected one. His mind seemed fixed on holy things, and such was the subject of all his conversation. I mentioned to a friend how refreshing his visit had been. Instead of feeling the elder sister, I seemed to be quite his junior. He had advanced so far on the road, and was so ripe for glory. He spent only one whole day with us.

Although he had friends to see, and poor people to visit, yet we had time for reading Scripture together, and for much delightful conversation, and also, I remember, for some sacred music. He spoke with deep interest

of his pastoral work,—specially of his class for confirmation, and an adult evening school which he had been allowed to organize. The chief difficulty which he experienced was in visiting the poor. Their expecting pecuniary relief rendered it very hard to get at their hearts, or discover their real state. They would "talk religion" to please him, or get help; and, with such hypocrisy, he found it most trying to contend. His happiest moments, he said, were spent with a very few really Christian poor people. After his removal, we learned how frequent his intercourse with these humble servants of Christ had been. He expressed at this time his desire to obtain a curacy in a larger parish, where he might see more ministerial work and experience for foreign service, if God should see fit so to employ him. He spoke of his health being restored, and therefore that he no longer ought to retain an invalid's post. Finding how his heart was set upon work in a larger sphere, E—— named him to a valued clerical friend in Oxford, and he

went there to inquire about his curacy. The post, however, was already filled up. From Oxford he returned to his parish, and thence shortly informed us that his mind was made up not to ask his uncle to free him from his two years' engagement involved in the title to orders. He was now preparing for priest's orders on the ensuing Trinity Sunday, when a higher and better summons came to him, to exchange his work below for endless praise and service, free from infirmity, above.

On Sunday, May 9, 1858, he preached on the text, *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;* and on that day fortnight his spirit was admitted to *the rest that remaineth for the people of God.*

On Ascension-day he was taken ill. E—— was telegraphed for, and, by medical advice, brought him to our home. One or other of the young men in his night-school had, at his own earnest entreaty, been allowed to sit by his bed-side; and, with much affection, these hung round the carriage-door, to get a

parting greeting from him as he drove away from his Shropshire home.

Early on Whitsunday morning sudden suffusion of the brain terminated life. At the last his breathing was so soft and gentle, that he seemed only in a sweet sleep.

Praised for ever be His Name, who ransomed him from destruction. Dear W—— "sleeps in Jesus." Therefore *we sorrow not, even as others who have no hope, for them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.*

"A few short years of evil past,
We'll reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more."